







TO THE BEAT OF FLAPPING WINGS

You and me, Baby We can fly

High
Higher
Than this peak
We are standing on
Higher
Than the eagle
Hovering above us

You and me, Baby We can fly

Far
Farther
Than the migration
Cycle of Arctic Terns
Farther
Than the imagination
Of our childhood years

If we wanted to We could fly

To Paris Buenos Aires The Himalayas Machu Picchu

Past borders Oceans Orbits The Moon

Hell, Baby, We can fly Wherever, however We want to

But first, Baby We have to take these Shackles off of you



FEATHERS
AND
SHACKLES

RUNRAT

America loves her races Cars, Dogs, Horses Rats

STOCKHOLM AMERICAN SYNDROME

If you ask me It all seems planned Strip the captives of any Awareness of their situation Until they forget their history And come to believe there is glory In defending their "superiors" Let them think they are free By allowing them to make decisions From the options allotted Whether an illusion or not Participation leads to a sense of ownership And as long as they are convinced Their two cents matter compared To the mass wealth accumulated By the power above them They will be more than willing To contribute their energy to achieve The most profitable outcome.

"You are either With us or against us"

Count me out I'd rather not associate With desperate ultimatums

A resident of the spectrum I always have been I always will be Disorderly towards absolutes.

DESPERATE ULTIMATUMS

SUNDER AND SUBJUGATE

Conquer by division A timeless strategy Of creating completely Fictional differences A false idea Of outsiders, savages, And lesser beings Repeat the myth over And over And over Again until it is accepted As a natural fact, and The bonds holding potential Allies in the struggle For survival are weak Enough so they appeal To a mediator to keep The peace, even if it means Sacrificing their own Individual power.

A DIVISE PHILOSOPHY

I do not share the enthusiasm
For a divisive philosophy
Arguing a person's value
Can be judged by the desire
To prove dominance
And the ability to defeat, vanquish
Even humiliate their adversaries
It seems to be an unhealthy way
Of seeking advancement, a path
Leading to a false sense
Of superiors and lessors
Conquerers and Subjects
Destructive in the real influence
Given to the imagination of those
Who perceive themselves to be better

CASE STUDY: A BANKER NAMED FAUST

With a simple click, Greedy intentions, And zero sense of Common decency, He locks and he loads His weapon, aiming To rob livelihoods By the millions, and Silence the sounds of Hope and happiness As if they threatened His brutal regime Of interest rates And overdraft fees He is a master In the arts of war And degradation Shaming the victims Of injustices While wearing a smile So contemptuous It can only be Described as sadist It seems he enjoys Watching lives wither At the tip of his Pen, signing away His community Consciousness to the **Demons of Profit**

Vanity
Proud, selfish
Comparing, Belittling, Demeaning
"I'm better than you"
Unattractive

ATTITUDES DO MATTER

CASE STUDY: A MEDIOCRE ARTIST COMING TO TERMS WITH HIS ARROGANCE

I never planned to gain
An air of self-importance
An over-bloated ego
Belief I was deserving
Belief I worked harder
All I ever wanted was to
Write my poetry
Voice my opinion
Share my creativity
Do it for a living

Therein lies the corruption
Lost my head in competition
Became obsessed with the idea
Even in the realm of expression
There are winners and losers
The forever remembered
The never discovered
Nothing is worse than being ignored

I found myself overrun
By the arrogance so often found
In mediocre artists, an adolescent prick
Believing I was destined to sit
At the dinner table of the Greats
But here I am
Growing older in a self-imposed exile
Forcefully separating my better intentions
From the overly ambitious person
I had unfortunately become
Unable to shake the aged hopes
Of impressing nobody in particular.

They say before it is given It has to be earned While boisterously demanding They receive theirs for free

As far as I am concerned
As long as we are here
Even if it is a chance meeting
Reciprocation is all that is needed

MUCH RESPECT

CASE STUDY: THE FALL OF FANTINE

Look at what they did To the goddess, Fantine They robbed her of all Pride and dignity While bombarding her With images rendered To the unattainable The more her vanity Was insulted, the more Her self-esteem declined Rejected, she Idolized the projected Beauty and gave them Everything of herself To imitate their unreal Standards of who she Was supposed to be She got her fifteen Of misplaced admiration And more than enough Ridicule to last her A lifetime lived in Soul-crushing insecurity Even now, she wears the false Smile, performing her greatest Act of all time for the crowd Convincing them she's happy Underneath constant scrutiny But if you look deep down Into her eyes, you can see The person she so desperately Wants to be dying To be let free

NOTE TO SELF

The need for attention To calm fits of loneliness Often lead to actions Shameful enough to ruin All sense of composure And reputations In these times, mind Your attempts to soothe The annoyance of such Emotions, for acting out In an uncomely manner Adds to the distance between us And the person of our affection When all is said and done We are left with not but the memories Created, and are often partial To those which are positive Rarely do we remain attached To those for whom we are embarrassed

BORDERS AND BOUNDARIES

Know the difference between
Restrictions and limits
Borders and Boundaries
Which you can break
Which you can cross
The laws of the land
The laws of nature
Some are subject to interpretation
Others have no flexibility

If it seems like everything Is stacked up against you

You might find yourself a case

But it is always worth trying To climb over blockades

> CLIMBING BLOCKADES

CASE STUDY: THE LONELY HUNTER

He had an attitude Which leaned towards defeatist He figured he tried But was unable to succeed Decided no more energy Should be exerted, no more fucks Should be given, No more following The vivid visions he had seen Came to believe dreams were nothing But useless fantasies Mere distractions created So a weak mind could escape The brutality of being Unable to cope with reality Good natured cynicism Turned into a nihilist theory In his negativity he found himself Led even further away from feeling The worth he was desperately seeking If life was by chance, and there was no meaning When all actions are rendered insignificant He might as well choose his own purpose So he could at least enjoy existence While stuck in the limbo of uncertainty

BAMBOOZLED BY OUR OWN

Fabrications and exaggerations
Subconsciously gain credibility
We live in
An age of half-truths and misled beliefs
Refusing to accept information
Contrary to set philosophies

The purposeful misrepresentations
Create the fictional realities
We live in
Arrogance towards the contradictory
Evidence found in examinations
Of an education without decrees

BELIEFS

CASE STUDY: UNCLE BEN'S WISDOM

As a youth I was in the habit of fighting The authority of responsibility With an uneducated philosophy Claiming all powers that be Were blockades on the road to liberty Silly me, Even then it was evident Purposefully failing wasn't productive All I was succeeding in doing Was giving dependency the upper hand To brutally enforce my terms of servitude I'll be damned If I was aware of the idea I was completely uninterested In differentiating between the use And abuse of restrictions I have only recently come to understand It is not doing what I want But doing what is necessary to ensure The consequences of my actions Cause the least amount of destruction To myself or my surroundings That way No one ever feels compelled Or the need To intervene

I was Seeking the power of self-determination But forgetting Uncle Ben's wisdom. Please help him keep his intention righteous Enough to speak for his kind character Words amount to little in this era Of malicious attempts to get ahead May he act according to his morals Without harming others in the process Be the person he'd hope to encounter If he suddenly found himself in need

BEING WHO HE WISHES HE WOULD MEET

CASE STUDY:
THE VICIOUS
ABUSE OF
MYSHKIN

They got the best of him By exploiting the poor Prince's innocence Masters of corruption They saw his desire to be Kind, and took advantage Of his compassion; playing Games with his patience To win the hearts of other lovers. Dear Myshkin, Too gentle of a spirit They took him for an idiot Abused him in ways Even Love could not forgive He gave them the greatest fortune They squandered it for kicks Took the priceless as worthless Ignored the importance Of a gift if it didn't have A price-tag attached to it

Do not follow
These fools who
Choose to squander
Their inheritance
Once it is gone
It is gone, lost
Will be past and future
Generations
They are irresponsible
And destructive towards
Everything everyone
Has worked to accomplish
You're supposed to leave
A legacy to be admired
Not destitution to be admonished

IT IS NOT "YOURS" TO BEGIN WITH

MEGHALAYA

Bring it back to Meghalaya Connect our roots Across gorges To create Some gorgeous Living bridges A reminder No matter how far We may reach When wandering And despite our Wrongly perceived Differences We are nothing More than a small Part of a much **Greater Purpose** Feeding the growth And progress of Humanity's Family tree

There lies within you A distinct greatness Only you are able To unlock. No amount Of advice or examples Can manifest your sole Possession. Experience Is helpful to refine Skills, but first you must Dig into your knowledge, Naturally given talent, And Soul Purpose To mine the brilliance Hidden deep underneath The fortress you have built In attempts to guard against Attacks on your worthiness

DEEPLY
HIDDEN
BRILLIANCE

OBEYING THE LAW

There is nothing wrong
In thinking you are better
Than the present position
You hold in the world.
In fact, you are correct
In seeking advancement
Progress is an ancient
Natural law obeyed
By every particle
Of our existences

OF NATURE

DO NOT SEEK TO MOCK OR ENTERTAIN

Just an observation; Keep your head low **Practice humility** Keep moving forward Nobody likes being hovered over Some people will throw rocks To knock rare beauties out Of the sky if they feel insulted By a high-headed brilliance One must always remember That although you were gifted The ability to expand your views With a relative ease, not everyone Has been introduced to the art of flight Most were raised to believe They were born without wings

CASE STUDY: THE SELF-EMANCIPATION OF ENJOLY

She's amazing One of the few To have escaped

Living daily
Life on the breeze
Almost weightless
Without heavy
Restraints attached
To the walls of
Social constructs

A Butterfly
Riding the wind
For the thrill of
Experience
Finally Free
Enough to spread
Her wings, explore
Beyond biased
Expectations
And limited
Education

Aware of her **Ability** To pollinate A vast garden Of beautiful Inspiration She gathers seeds Of knowledge By traveling The world over Planting flowers In the hearts of Those still locked up Held captive by Overwhelming Fears of failure And the unknown

A case in point:

I wish I could Find the gumption To drop my chains

Escape my own Imprisonment

Flee the Country

Join her in Spain



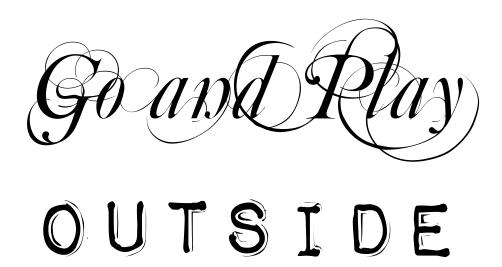
ICARUS

Dear Icarus, There is imprisonment
In carrying the weight of ambitions
Large enough to hold over-blown egos
A bondage created by sacrificing
Spiritual advancement for success
As a modern artist of vanity
Shackles in the desires to prove yourself
Worthy of an inane recognition
By those of little or no importance

Icarus, descendant of Daedalus
Bloodlines of creative independence
Liberate yourself from the oppression
Of exceeding other's expectations
Take the wind beneath your wings and soar heights
Beyond the reach of their false ideas
On where the beauty of a person lies
Leave their appraisals of value behind
For your worth cannot be calculated
As if you were personal property
You are special, a bird of paradise
And do not belong in captivity

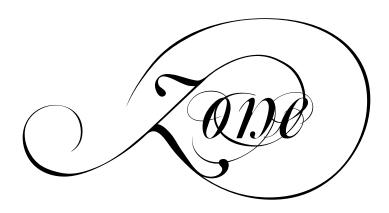
So fly away, my dear Icarus, fly
Towards the reality of a freedom
Known in the sensation of weightlessness
Soak in extensive wonders of nature
And gain a new perspective of the world
Around you at any given moment
Understand what it means to be part
Of an existence outside limited
Possibilities on the marketplace
What it means to bask in life's glory

My dear Icarus, I wish you the best On your journey of epic proportions But if I may share a little insight With you before you begin your travels Remember to always focus forward There is nothing but the ground below you Only the blazing sun above your head The desire to look down on others Means climbing too close to the powerful Rays for your wings made of wax to handle Hitting the pavement should be on your terms Leave them their flames, a phoenix is a myth Not to be tried, not to be believed in The ability to fly where you like Is a priceless gift to be admired So use it wisely for true liberty Can only be achieved by taking all Responsibilities for your actions And consequences abound thereafter





COMFORT



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